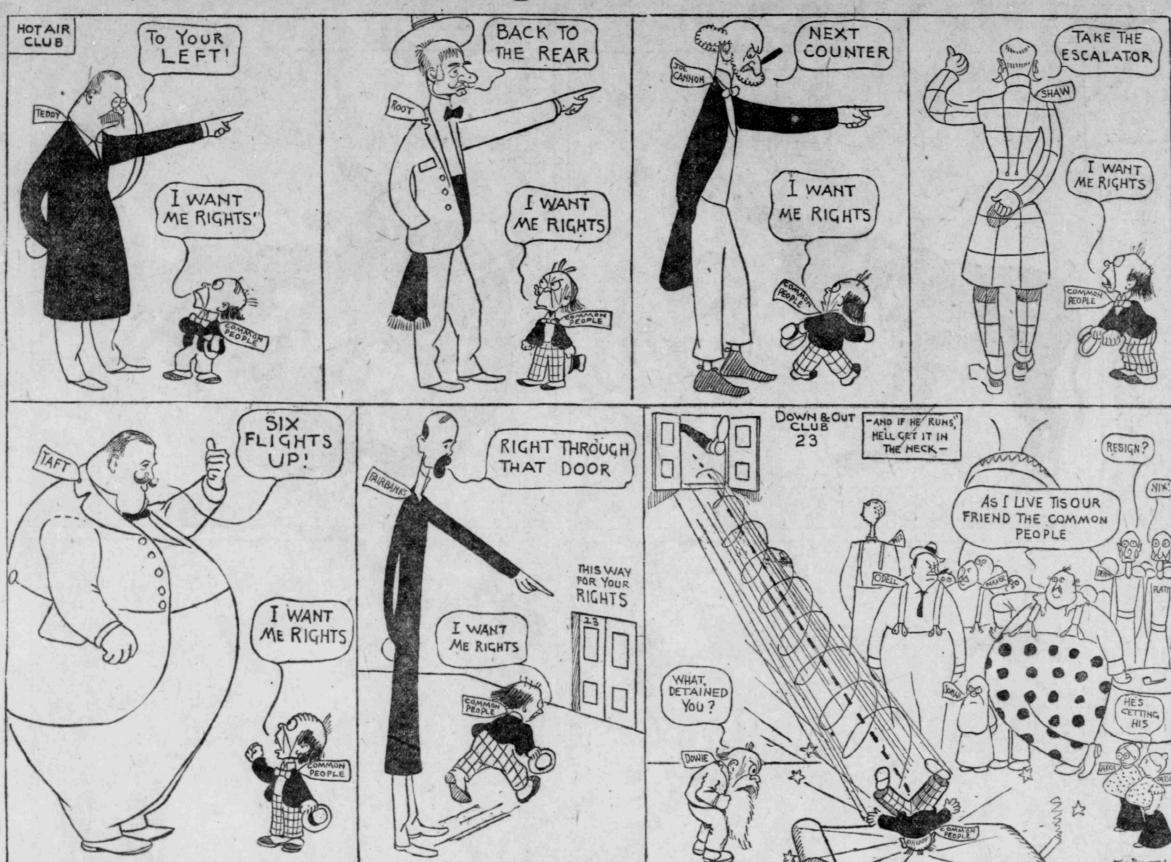
He Wants His Rights. By T. E. Powers.



TROUBLES OF THE LOVER BUG.



MR. E. Z. MARK FINDS A BURIED TREASUE.



1-MR. E. Z .- Hi, there! What do you mean by digging on my property?
STRANGER—Ye gods! DISCOVERED! Oh, mister, I dreamed there was a buried treasure here, and sure enough I've struck



2-MR. E. Z .- Well, any treasure buried on my property belongs to me. But here's a hundred dollars for your trouble. Now, skidoo! Get out! 23!



3-MR. E. Z. (excitedly)-Mary! Mary! Quick! Buried treasure! Man dreamed it! Probably millions of dollars in gold. Oh, I'm SO nervous.



4-MRS. MARK-E. Z. you are a dub! An old, worn-out iron box filled with brickbats. That man buried that box there and then let you discover him. E. Z., DONE AGAIN! DONE AGAIN for a hundred.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.



GEORGE-By Jove! there goes Gertle and her father. Never alone! NEVER ALONE! I'll have to resort to strategy to obtain my daily osculatory salutation.



GEORGE-Yes, Mr. Gurgle, it is the latest discovery of medical science. Let me blindfold you thus; then stand you some distance away from me.

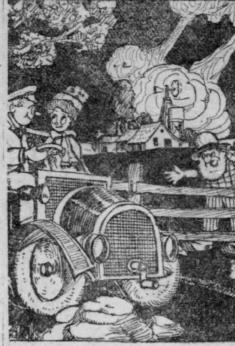


GEORGE-You can't see a thing, can you? Now come very slowly toward me, and by the oscillations of your body I can tell exactly whether your liver is working in



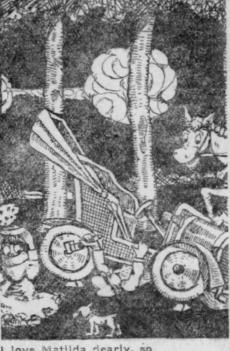
GEORGE-Good! Fine, Mr. Gurgle! Come VERY slowly. Your oscillations are perfect. Come slow, slow, slow. That's it. Your liver is all right.

NOW, WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?



In my new runabout:





I started, right away,



To patch It up between us, but It took me half a day.

Behind the Throne. By WEX JONES.

TE Czar tossed uneasily upon his har- proclamations. The soldiers are in revolt, Suddenly the electric alarm bell are striking like 12 o'clock." rang, warning him of the approach of his "I have a plan to escape trouble," said

Slowly the Czar's armored nightcap ap- "Good, Your Majesty," said the chamber peared above the steel blanket. "Your Majesty, the people want a con- "Is my yacht ready to sail?"

"Issue another proclamation," came in muffled tones from the protected bed. "And, a wrought-fron greatcoat, "I shall skidoosay, when you go out tell my armorer that sky to England. there's a rivet loose in my pajamas and

there's a rivet loose in my pajamas and it's kept me awake all night."

"But the people don't want any more "What to do. Your Majesty?"

"To stay, chumpovitch!"

And, pulling on his hombproof socks, his Czarship beat it for the fleet Pole Star. it's kept me awake all night."

the navy is disaffected, and the workmen

The Road to "Success."

By WEX IONES. ET everything go In the hustle for dough, And never let up

TO limbo with youth And friendship and truth; Get your mitts on the coin Without scruple or ruth.

For a billion or so.

E XPAND your first million Till it swells to a billion; Then moil day and night To make it a trillion.

A ND then when your store Is a trillion or o'er-Why, keep on a-hustling And rustling for more.

KEEP on, never stop; Keep on till you drop. Every dollar you miss Some other will cop.

K EEP on till you die-You may watch your gay heirs Make your dollar-birds fly.

CONUNDRUMS.

What man can spend many days each week on a bust and yet never taste liquer? The sculptor.

Why are hospitals like guardians? They both have wards. When is a crab like a married couple eeping house? When deviled by the cook.

The Peg-Top Soldier. The army uniforms designed by the English tailor are to have peg-top

MAN to-day must be fitly clad A MAN to-day must be may clad For whatever he tries to do; The soldier now is all to the bad

In an ill-fitting suit of blue. He must look laced-up and stiff and "smart"

And lose his easy swing, For the tailor swears by his shears and art That the uniform's the thing.

THE farmers who fought at Bunker

Disgraced the army's fame: They gave the regular troops their fill, But their clothes were a crying

And Old Hickory's men, they were all true blue And they crumpled the veterans'

But the tailor says they would never do, For their uniforms lacked design.

UR boys in blue used to fight like mad,

In their vulgar, winning way, But now, in his peg-top trousers clad, Each soldier may calmly say: "I'll do all that a well-dressed soldier

Who is careful what he's about, But I cannot mix with a bolo man In an ill-fitting, dingy clout."

Song of the B. R. T. By WEX JONES.

DILE 'em in the bridge cars; Shove 'em in like hogs; Let 'em talk about their rights, Yelping yellow dogs.

MAKE the weary laborer Hang onto a strap; Shoot the tired stenographer Into some one's lap.

SKID 'em down to Coney— When they're getting there Stick the spineless suckers For another fare.

WHAT if some poor mother W/:.L L --- imped-up store Takes her fretting children To the breezy shore-

ET her extra nickels O: throw her off the car; We're not namby-pamby, Practical, we are.

V/HAT care we for judges? Not a single rap! What care we for justice? Not a single snap!

QLANK the blooming public! Blank the blooming law! If a man demands his rights Soak him in the jaw!